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# Golden Hands



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## Chapter 1 by PyromaniacSoap

We've all heard of silver tongues right? Those people who can speak things into existence. There are also those called Golden Hands who can write or create things with their hands and make them come alive. When they want it to their ink or pencil glows gold and the things they have written come to be. This is a very powerful sort of magic that was outlawed many years ago, but that doesn't stop people from using it. Very few people who have this amazing power anyway. There are only three in existence who use this incredible power well.

## Chapter 2 by R



The first of them is a hundred and seventy four, consistently using the golden hands magic to keep himself alive. He lives in the woods, alone, far away from the human world. I journeyed to meet him once, and he was completely unconcerned with what was going on in the rest of the world. He holds more skill in his right pinkie finger than all the lesser Golden Hands, and is thought more powerful than anyone of any magic, anywhere, yet he lives alone in the woods with plants and beasts, perfectly content.

The second is The Dark One. No one knows anything about them, save for that they have

Golden Hands and at some point long ago wrote they would be the feared Evil Emperor of the East forever more. It is impossible to see more of Story Wars

author themselves, and so they are 'forever', save for the original memory served. At least, they seem content with it. The Dark One has made no great move to expand their reign.

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The third is, or perhaps was, my mother. Unlike the other two, she was spoken of only in whispers, never mentioned aloud. I have heard these whispers, and they called her The Light One, She Who Has Come To Save Us All, among other things. She was most secret of the three, and most beloved. We always were on the move when I was young, travelling between cities, bringing miracles as we crossed the continent.

Now, however, she is in jail. They discovered her and her Golden Hands, and despite all the good she had done they locked her up and took away all writing utensils, trapping her under constant watch.

That's where I come in. I like to consider myself the fourth best Golden Handed one, although I know I'm not even close to anyone else. Yet. Still, that doesn't change the fact that now, I travel like my mother did, learning, practicing, and trying to live up to what she had been.

All the while I am tracking down where she has been locked away. My clues so far have lead me to the town of Valence, where it has been said information lies on how to find her. I can only hope that finally my lonely quest is at an end.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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